THE PHANTOM SHIP.

The anchor's weighed, the harbor past, Away! away! the ship flies fast. The skipper's wife is at his side, In fear she scans the darkening tide. "Fear not," quoth he; "thou'rt safe with me, Though the fiend himself should sail the sea!" And merrily ho! the breezes blow, Over the sea the ship doth go.

The sea grew black, the wind blew high; "A ship! A ship!" the sailors cry:
Down sank the blood-red sun in flame,
But nester still the vessel came.
She had no sails, no cars, no crew!
But nearer, nearer still she slew.
One lone dark man on deck they see,
They cau hear him laughing mockingly.

They can hear him laughing mockingly.

The skipper stood with frozen stare,
His men were white with wild despair;
The tempest shrieked, the sea was flame,
And nearer still the strange ship came.
Down knelt the skipper's wife and prayed.

"God of the salors, send us aid."

Each stony sailor bent his knee;

"Save us, O Lord! we cry to Thee!"

Hurrah! Hurrah! the spell is done! The phantom ship is gone, is gone!
The phantom ship is gone, is gone!
The winds are fair, and fair the tide;
The skipper's wife is at his side.
He boids her hand, he cannot speak,
A tear rolls down his rugged cheek;
And merrily he! the breezes blow,
Over the sea the ship doth go.

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN.

A NOVEL.

uthor of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "A Hopeles
- Case," etc." BY EDGAR FAWCETT, IX.

Sophia consented to this plan, but only as a Sophia consented to this plan, but only as a strategical maneuvre. She had determined that Claire should fill precisely the position just proffered her, and no other. By seeming to yield she at length won her cause. She was quite in earnest about her wish for mental improvement. Nor was Claire, in spite of latter years passed under the om of toil, half as much at sea among the many t-bound volumes of the library as she hersel expected. She had been, in her day, a diligent dent; she found that she remembered this or hat famous writer, as she examined book after ook. Now and then a celebrated name recurred to ok. Now and then a corebrated have recurred to r with sharp appeal of recollection; again she had wivid sense of forgetfulness, and of ignorance as But she was of the kind who read swiftly d retain with force. It was not long before she I discovered certain volumes which guided and the same time instructed her, in just that rary direction needful for the task required by would-be pupil. A great deal of her

eld intellectual method and industry soon came back to her; she turned the pages of the many good oks stored on the shelves nearby with a hand more composed and deliberate; she began to see just what his wanted her to do, and realize her full capahity of doing it.

Meanwhile a week or more had passed. She was

now clad in appropriate mourning. She was one of the family. Sophia, devoted and affectionate, was onstantly at her side.

Now and then she said, with a nervous laugh, Pm afraid I have never learned enough to be of

the least use to you, Sophia, in the way you've proposed."
But Sophia would smile and answer: "Oh, I'm not afraid, Claire dear. You'll get it all back again

She rapidly got it all back again, and a great deal

more besides. The morning readings began. Sophia soon expressed berself as in raptures; but it was teacher that charmed her far mor e than the Claire's life was now one of easy luxury. She walked ordrove with Sophia every after noon; she

delicate food; she slept in a spacious d-chamber that possessed every detail of mfort; all things moved along on oiled wheels; machinery of her life had lost all its clogging rust. Greenpoint began to fade from her thoughts; it rew a dim, detested memory. Scarcely a day passed, wever, without she definitely recalled some incint connected with her father. Now that this softas and daintiness surrounded her, the refine ment
high no adverse years could alienate from his pernality became for her a more distinct conception,
in realized how complete a gentleman he had
en. At the same time, under these altered conditions, her own taste for the superfine niceties of
ditration increased with much speed. She was
te a plant that has been borne back to its native
if and clime from some land where it has hitherto
red but as a dwarfed and partial growth; the
diage was expanding, the fibre was strengthening,
the flowers were taking a warmer tint and a richer rer, without she definitely recalled some inci-

soil and ciline from some land where it has hitherto lived but as a dwarfed and partial growth; the foliage was expanding, the fibre was strengtheening, the flowers were taking a warmer tint and a richer scent.

Bice soon perceived that the Bergemanns moved in a set of almost uniformly vulgar people, Many of them seemed very wealthy. Nearly all of them dressed handsomely and drove about in their private carriages. Not a few of them lived in fine adjacent houses on "The Avenue," as it is called. Sophia had a number of mumate friends, maidens of her own age, who constantly visited her. She had admirers, too, of the other sex, who would sometimes call for her of an evening and take her to a party, unattended by any chaperone. She wont, during the winter months, to numerous parties. She belonged to an organization which she always spoke of as "Our Seciable," and which met at the various homes of its female members. One evening a "sociable" was given at the Bergemann mansion. The music and dancing were kept up till two o'clock in the morning, and the house was effectively adorned with flowers. Claire, because of her mourning, abstained from this and all similar gayety. But as a matter of course she met many of Sophia's and Mis. Bergemann's friends. Only one of all the through had power pleasurably to interest her.

This exceptional person was Mr. Beverley Thurston, whom we have already heard Sophia mention as having selected the volumes of her mother's library. He was a man of about forty years ol; who had never married. His figure was tail and shapely; his face, usually grave, was capable of much geniality. He had travelled, read, thought, and observed. He stood rather high in the legal profession, and came, on the maternal side, of a somewhat noted family. He managed the large estate of Mrs. Bergemann and her daughter, and solely on this account was a f-equent guest at their house, the had one widowed sister, of very scenario. They saw housessed large means and who placed great value upon her position as a fashona

iscovery that either surprised or impressed

iscovery that either surprised or impressed the gazer.

On the evening of Sopha's "sociable" Clairs remained in a large chamber that was approached from the second hall of the house and appointed with that admirable taste which clearly indicated that the Bergemanns had once confided devoutly in their upholsterer, just as they now did in their milliner. She was quite alone; she held a book open in her lap, but was not reading it; her black dress became her charmingly; it seemed to win a richer shade from the chestnut-and-gold of her tresses, and to increase the delightful fragility of her oval, soft-tinted face. The music below starrs kept her thoughts away from her book; it pealed up to her with a dulcet, provocative melody; it made her feel that she would love to go down and join the merry-makers. But this was only a kind of abstract emotion; there was nobody in the bright-lit, flower-decked drawing-rooms whom she would have cared to meet, with the possible exception of Mr. Thurston, although what she then considered his advanced age made him seem more suitable as a companion of less jubilant hours.

But it chanced that a knock presently sounded at the half-closed door, and that Mr. Thurston soon afterward presented himself. He sat down beside her. His evening-dress had a felicity of cut and fit that gave his naturally stately figure an added distinction, even to the inexperienced eye of Claire. She thought how the white the at his throat became him — how different he was, in spite of the gray at his temples and the crow's-leet under his hazel eyes, from the younger men clad in similar vesture, whom she had seen pass through the upper hall a little earlier in the evening.

By this time Mr. Thurston's acquaintance with

and the crow's feet under his hazel eyes, from the younger men clad in similar vesture, whom she had seen pass through the upper hall a little earlier in the evening.

By this time Mr. Thurston's acquaintance with Claire had grown to be a facile and agreeable intimacy. He had learned from Sophia that she was here alone, and he had sought her with the freedom of one wont to make himself wholly at home in the mansions of his chents. At the same time, as it happened, he came with a vastly fatigued feeling toward the guests below.

"I didn't want to leave," he began, with his nice, social smile; "until I had seen you for a few moments."

"Ah," said Claire, pleased at his coming, and with a little sweet-toned laugh; "I'm afraid you came up here only because it was too early to go just yet."

Mr. Thurston put his head on one side, and his eyes twinkled quizzically. "Oh, come, now," he said; "are you going to talk badily about the party? You haven't seen it. I'm sure you'd like to be down there, dancing and romping among all those young people."

Claire shook her head; she looked rather serious as she did so. "No." she answered; "I shouldu't like it at all. I think you know why. There is nobody there—that is, among the guests—whom I like. Some of them I've never met. But I don't doubt that they are all much the same, Now, please don't look as if you didn't understand me. I am sure that you do, perfectly. Remember, we have talked on these subjects before."

Mr. Thurston stroked his thick gray moustache, whose ends slightly curved against cheeks which somehow looked as if they still wore the sun-tain of travel in remote soltry climates.

"Of course we have, Miss Claire," he gently exclaimed. "It's wonderful what an inquiring turn you possess. We've settled that there's no treachery to Sophia and her manima in all these dreadful things that you and I say; haven't we,?"

"Certainly we have settled it," returned Claire, still looking serious. "But I'm not by any means sure that we do say dreadful things. I ask the truth, a

it a very nice world. At least, I've never seen a better one."

"Yes. I understand. And you want to explore it. You want to examine it in detail. You want to know its bad, worse, worst, and its good, better, best."

"I want to know its good, better, best."

"It want to know its good, better, best."

Mr. Thurston laughed again. "Do you know," he said. "that the more I see of you the more you amuse me! No: I won't say 'aimuse'; I'll say 'interest.' You are such a tremendons type. You are so characteristic. I called you a person with a purnose, just now, and I pretended not to know what your purpose was. That was an intentional hypority on my part. I comprehend your purpose thoroughly. You wish to find out what New York society means. You're making a mental social dictionary. And you desire that I shall supply you with definitions to the best extent of my ability. Isn't that true? Fray confess, now."

Claire looked at him steadily for several seconds. There was a mild yet bright spark in her dusky-blue eyes, and a faint smile on her lips.

"You say less than you mean," she auswered. "I think that I guess what is behind your words. I think that I guess what is behind your words. I think that I guess what is behind your words. I think that I guess what is behind your words. I think that I guess what is behind your words. I think that I guess what is behind your. Words. I think that I guess what is behind your. Words. I think that I guess what is behind your. Words. I think that I guess what is behind your. Words. I think that I guess what is behind your. Words. I think that I guess what is behind your. Words. I think that I guess what is behind your. Words. I think that I guess what is behind your. Words. I think that I guess what is behind your words. I think that I guess what is behind your. Words. I think that I guess what is behind your. Words. I think that I guess what is behind your. Words. I think that I guess what is behind your words. I think that I guess what is behind your. Words. I think that I guess wha

started. "What do you mean?" sh

Claire started. "What do you mean?" she asked.

Mr. Thurston looked at the floor, for a moment, then raised his eyes. They dwelt our Claire's very forcefully.

"I mean," he said. "that you are too beautiful and charming not to gain your object."

Claire laughed, lightly and yet a little consciously. "That is very kind of you. If a young man had only said it! How delighted I would have been!"

"They won think me so years old?" Thurston.

man had only said it! How delighted I would have been!"

"Then you think me so very old?" Thurston replied, watching her face with intentness.

"Ith, no," Claire at once said, growing serious again. "Not that, of course. But still... well, it would be inle for me to declare that I think you young."

"Perhaps I am younger than you think," he said, with low, eculiar emphasis on each word. "Mind, I only say 'perhaps.'... But do not let us talk of that. As I told you, I am sure you will gain your object. You will succeed. That is, you will find a higher level than these poor Bergemanns. There is a restless fire in your soil that will goad you on. And in the end you must win."

"Tell me by what means, please."

"Marriage will be your lirst stepping-stone."

"Success."

"Success."

"Success." I assume that your aim lies there. You want men and women of a certain grate to pay you courtesy and deference."

Claire seemed to muse, for a brief time. "Yes, I do," she then said. "You are quite right. But you speak of my gaining all this by marriage. How shall I meet the man who is to lend me such important help?"

There was a daring candor about this question—a simplicity of workliliness, in fact, which startled her

There was a daring candor about this question—a simplicity of worldliness, in fact—which startled her hearer. But his usual gravity betrayed no signs of

There was a daring candor about this question—a simplicity of worldliness, in fact—which startled her hearer. But his usual gravity betrayed no signs of dismay.

"You will meet him." It is your fate. He will drop to you from the skies. But after you have secured, through matrimony, this desired end, will you be contented with what you have secured? So much depends on that—the success of your success, as one might say."

Claire raised her brows in demure perplexity. "I don't understand," she murmured.

Thurston slowly shook his head. A smile was on his lips, but it held sadness, and a hint of pity as well. "If I read you rightly," he answered, "you will understand, some day."

Claire made an impatient gesture. "Please don't talk is riddles," she exclaimed. "Do you mean that the prize will turn out worthless after I have got it? I have not found this true in my reading. I have not found many kings or queens who wearisd so much of their thrones that they were ready to resign them." An eagerness now possessed her mannor; she leaned slightly forward; her nostral dilated a little; her color deepened.

"Fower and place are what I want, and never to have them will be never to have contentment. This sounds cold to you. I'm sure of it."

"Yea," he said, softly; "it sounds very cold. But I don't know that such a coldness as that will not preve for you a tough safeguard. It is very protestive to a woman—If it lasts."

"I neither affirm nor deny that it will. Time will show."

She broke into a laugh, full of sportive irony. "You mean that I may fall in love with somebody. But I have little fear of that....." Her face suddenly graw very sober, and her voice trembled somewhat as she next said: "I leved my poor dead father dearly. I shall not be disloyal to them in any case. But they must be friends or hands in abundance. And I shall not be disloyal to them in any case. But they must be friends of influence, standing importance. They must not be like the Hergemanna, though I mean have to faiter for an instant in my grateful fi

bave just confessed. In you they are charming. I suppose that is easily explained; you are charming yourself. I shall watch your career with the deepest concern. You will not mind if I watch it? Am I wrong, here?"

Claire, still letting him keep her band, swiftly replied; "Oth, no; of course I shall not mind. You belong to that other world. You are one of the people whom I wish to have for my adherents—my clients, as it were. I hope we shall always be friends. I like you very greatly. You remember we have talked it all over before now. You have told me of the people whom I wish to meet. You have even told me some of their names. I have forgotten nothing of what you have said. I county on as my first conquest. If others follow—as I firmly believe that they will—we will have talks together, and laugh over the old times when I was obscure and a nobody. Yos, if I ever get to be that great lady you prophesy that I shall become, we will discuss, in little intimate chats, every detail of my progress toward grandeur and distinction. It will be very pleasant, will it not? But now I must say something that I have never said before. I must ask you to help me. Why should you not do so? You have means of doing so. And you like me; we are excellent friends. If you give me some real aid I will never forget it. Pim not ungrateful. I'm cold, if you choose, in a certain way, but I always recollect a service. Don't think I am begging any favor of you. Pim rather requiring one. Yes, requiring, You've told me that you think I have. . well that I'm overy far from a fool. . Now let us strike a compact. Shall we? Put me into some nath where I may reach your fine, grand world, in which I should like to shine and be a power?"

The andacity of this whole speech was exquisite. In plain substance it belonged to what we call by harsh names. It was the sort of thing that in ordinary dealing. Her impectuosity was so torely, her youth, her beauty and her freshness were sentievy dealing the envished by some hostile fate of a royalty that she no

comes from one whom I know to be my friend and well-wisher."

"That is not what I mean," Tharston objected. He rose as he spoke, still holding Claire's hand.

She looked at him wonderingly. She perceived his changed manner. "Explain," she said, "How do you mean that you will help me?"

"I will help you as my wife." Thurston replied. He looked as grave, as gray, as bronzed, as always; but his voice was in a hoarse flurry. "I will help you, as my wife, to be something more than a great lady. You shall be that, if you choose, but you shall be more, Your ambition is mide of finer stuff than you know. I will help you to see just how fine it is." how fine it is."

The instant that he began to speak thus Claire The instant that he began to speak thus Grare had drawn away her hand. She did not rise. But she now looked up at him and shook her head with negative vehemence.

"No, no!" she said. The words rang sharply.

Not long afterward Claire found herself alone. Thurston had gone. She felt her cheeks burn as she sat and stared at the floor. His declaration had strangely shocked her, at first, for the entire man, as it were, had undergone a transformation so abrupt and radical as to wear a bue of actual miracle; and it is only across a comfortable lapse of centuries that the human mind can regard such manifestations with anything like complacency. Baalam could not have been more bewildered and disturbed when the Ass spoke. Claire had never thought of Thurston as capable of a live sentiment toward any woman. She had taken it for granted that all this part of his nature was in dignitled decay, like his hair and complexion. She had drifted unconsciously, somehow, into into the conviction that his passions, if he had ever felt them, were now like the lavendered relics that we shut away in chests. She had

warmed to him with a truly filial ardor, and this sudden rum of their mutual relations now gave ber acute stings of regret.

But Thurston, who had managed to depart from her with a good deal of nice repose of visage and demeanor, also contrived, with that skill born of wide social experience, to make their next meeting by far less awkward than Claire herself had nervously anticipated. Sophia and Mrs. Bergemann were both present on this occasion. He looked at

Claire in so ordinary a way, and spoke with so much apparent case and serenity, that her self-possession was fed by his, and her droad swiftly became thankful relief.

Through the days that followed, Claire and Thurston gradually yet firmly resumed their past Thurston gradually yet firmly resumed their past agreeable converse. Of course matters could never be the same between them. He stood toward her, inevitably, in a new light; a cloak had fallen from him; she was not quite sure whether she liked him less or more, now that she knew him as the man who had asked her to be his wife; but in reality she

did like him much more, and this was because, being a woman, she constantly divined his admiration beneath the intimate yet always guarded courtesy of his manner.

Their former chats were resumed, steadily interrogative on her side, complaisantly responsive on his. As winter softened into spring, the dissipations of Sophia decreased. She had more evenings at home, and not a few of her devotees would pay her visits during the hours of nine and eleven. It fre

quently happened that Thurston would enter the drawing-room at such times. He always talked with Claire, who would often emerge from back recesses on his arrival. Both Sophia and her mother would occasionally deliver themselves of comments upon the evident preference of their legal adviser. But Mrs. Bergemann was much more outspoken than her daughter. Sophia could not bring herself to believe that there was "anything in it." as her own phrase repeatedly went. She thought Beverley Thurston "just as nice as he could be" but the slender and blooming beauty of Claire made to her young eyes anomalous contrast with Thurston's fade though attractive appearance. "Good gracious, ma!" she once asseverated, in private debate, "Claire wouldn't ever think of marrying a man old enough to be her father!" "She might do worse, now, Sophia," protested Mrs. Bergemann, with the coolly formulated style of talk and thought which marks so many matrons when they discuss matrimonial subjects. "You just leave Claire alone. Wait and see what she'll do. He's taken a shine to her. Recollect, she ain't got a cent, poor dear girl." He'd make a splendid husband. I guess he'll propose soon. I hope he will, too. He's a real ellergant gentleman. Just think how we trust him with rents and mortgages and things. I declare I don't scarcely know half what he does with my own property." and her mother would occasionally deliver them-

declare I don't scarcely know half what he does with my own property."

"Pahaw, Ma," responded Sophia, with vast contempt, "Claire wouldn't look at him that way. She's young, like me, She may be as poor as a church-mouse, but she isn't going to sell herself like that. Now do be quiet."

Mrs. Bergemann became obediently quiet. But she continued to have her private opinions. Meanwhile Claire and Thurston held their brief or long interviews, as chance favired.

Matters had rearranged themselves between them on the old basis. There was a change, and yet not a change. Claire spoke with all her former freedom. Thurston listened and replied with all his former concession.

on the old basis. There was a change, thit yet not a change. Claire spoke with all her tormer freedom. Thurston listened and replied with all his former concession.

A certain admirer of Sophia's had of late deserted her, and sought the attention of Claire whenever occasion permitted. His name was Brady. His father was the owner of a large and popular emporium on Sixth Avenue. He was an only child, and supplied with a liberal allowance. The mercantile success of his father had been comparatively recent. He was now three-had been comparatively recent. He was now three-had been to emparatively recent. He was now three-had been to emparatively recent. He was now three-had been comparatively recent. He was now three-had been to emparatively recent. He was now three-had been comparatively recent had been comparatively rec

with the easier to bringe an award and exceptions silence.

"Oh, I ain't, not a bit," said Brady, ardently contradictory. "I'm glad of it, Miss Twining. I wanted to have a little chin with you." He laughed at his own slang, crossed his long legs, and leaned back on the lounge which Claire was also occupying. At the same time he turned his face toward his companion.

and ... well, for a hual negative, they never tell the truth when its utterance might wound or annoy."

Claire had seemed to be listening very carnestly. She did not respond with her usua, promptness. Her tones were slow and thoughtful when she at length said: "Aud they are what you would call an aristeeracy?"

"I don't know why they are not. They are incessantly being compared, to their own disadvantage, with the aristocracies of foreign lands. But I have travelled considerably, in my time, and on the whole I prefer them to all similar bodies. There is less sham about them, and quire as much reason for existence. They point a very sad moral, perhaps; they illustrate what certain austere critics like to call the failure of republican ideas. But I've had so many good friends among them that I can't consider any institution a failure which is responsible for their development."

"And it is very hard to become one of their number?" Claire said, after another little pause. She did not put the words as a question.

"You seem to think it hard." Thurston answered. Rare as was any impulsive order of speech with him, this slight yet meaning sentence had nevertheless found utterance, almost against his will. It was his first reference to the episode which both vividly remembered, though in far different ways, and which had cast round their subsequent intercourse, even when directed upon the most mundant topics, a delicate glamour of sentiment plainly perceptible to each. Claure dropped her eyes, for a moment, then suddenly lifted them, while the pink was yet deepening in her checks.

"Let us suppose that I am not speaking of myself." she said. "Indeed," she went on, with a soft, peculiar sunle that had hardly lighted her lips before u fled, "you have told me that my gate into the kingdom of the elect is through—well, through matrimony." She now looked at her companion with so subtle a blending of the arch and the grave that Thurston, in all the solidity of his veteran experience, was baffied now to explain it. "Suppose,"

The state of the control of the cont

In one chapter.—Boy—melo secioded nock—rumi yuni ali gor comes—boy howis-mother source—source—colle goes—boy well—wars